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ARABELLA *and* ARAMINTA

by Gertrude Smith



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Edited by Eulalie Osgood Grover

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Arabella and Araminta



“And Arabella got a glass and put her daisies in it, and Araminta got a glass and put her daisies in it.”



ARABELLA
and
ARAMINTA
by Gertrude Smith



Edited By
EULALIE OSGOOD GROVER

*Author of "The Sunbonnet Babies' Primer"
"The Overall Boys" "The Folk Lore Readers" Etc.*

THOMPSON, BROWN & COMPANY
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TO
FRANCES AND HESTER
WHO USED TO KNOW AND LOVE ARABELLA AND ARAMINTA

AN INTRODUCTION

INTEREST is the magic key to success. Enthusiastic interest in any subject will eventually lead one to become, in a greater or less degree, master of that subject. This is as true in the world of arts and letters as in the business world. It is as true with the primary pupil as with the would-be scientist.

Since educators have discovered the pedagogical value of this truth, they have turned their attention more carefully to the form and manner of presenting to children the rudimentary facts of formulas of education. They no longer believe that any book, with a vocabulary sufficiently simple, is good enough for the little children, and that the really interesting stories should be held for them to read later, after fluency has rewarded their hard and perhaps unhappy efforts.

The watch word now is "nothing is too good for the children."

We do not mean by this, however, that we should try to make life always smooth and easy for them. But we should make it *interesting*, for interest means impetus, and a constant and strong impetus in the right direction means high achievement.

We are, therefore, seeking to awake in our primary boys and girls a keen interest in their study, especially in their reading, which is the foundation of all education.

We are endeavoring to make their school books so artistic and attractive in form that to own and to handle them will be a joy. But more than this, we are striving to make the mechanical process of learning to read so stimulating, so alive, that the mastering of it shall lend to the upward impetus, rather than be the deadening weight that it so often has been to eager little learners in the past.

Under modern methods the child quickly masters a large vocabulary with much the same eagerness that he feels in playing games for pure sport, but with the added zest of accomplishing something seriously worth while.

We believe that this question of reading books for the primary grades is just as important as the question of method. If a dull or uninteresting book is in the hands of the class, it is impossible for the teacher, even with the best of methods, to arouse a high degree of spontaneity and enthusiasm in the reading of it.

There is no better way of testing the appeal of a book for a child than in reading it aloud to him in the home. If he demands it to be read over and over several times a day, and then takes it to bed with him at night, that is a book which he will read for himself with eager interest and impetus, if it is given to him at the right moment in the school room.

Knowing this to be true, we are beginning to see the advantage of adapting for school room use some of the books upon which children have set the seal of their approval in the home.

This charming little story of "Arabella and Araminta" by Gertrude Smith, we consider to be a most valuable contribution from the home library to the second grade reading class.

It is not only a story of fascinating style and simplicity, but its vocabulary is small and natural, with a large repetition of the important words. Indeed, excepting the old cumulative stories, there has hardly been a child's story written with so remarkable a handling of repetition, which holds so strong a charm for children.

With regard to the value of repetition, the great modern educator Dr. Montessori says, "The exercise that develops life consists in the repetition, not in the mere grasp of the idea."

The child seems intuitively to recognize this great truth and to delight in the repetition which brings fluency, providing the subject is presented in a way which appeals to his interest and imagination.

And what child is not interested in twins, especially in twins like Arabella and Araminta, who look alike and talk alike and act alike, in fact, who are little repetitions of each other.

The experiences which Arabella and Araminta have in this book are the experiences which every child would delight to have, and which many of the little readers have already had; such as celebrating the Fourth of July with great pomp and noise, or playing with one's best-loved dolly, or spending a whole beautiful summer day in the green woods, or celebrating one's birthday with a wonderful party. These are incidents which appeal vividly to the child's imagination and which, with the pedagogically strong handling of the author, should make this book a useful addition to the list of primary school Readers.

My thanks are due Frances Grover for her watchful care in reading the proof of this book.

EULALIE OSGOOD GROVER.

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A POPPY STORY

ARABELLA was four years old, and
Araminta was four years old.

Arabella had blue eyes and yellow hair,
and Araminta had brown eyes and yellow
hair. Arabella was a very pretty little girl,
and Araminta was a very pretty little girl.

And sometimes Arabella was naughty
when Araminta was good, and sometimes
Araminta was naughty when Arabella was
good.

Arabella lived in a white house on a green
hill, and Araminta lived in a white house on
a green hill.—(It was the same house, of
course, you know, and the same hill, of course,
you know, for Arabella and Araminta were
little twin sisters.) Arabella's mother was
Araminta's mother, and Arabella's father was
Araminta's father.

ARABELLA AND ARAMINTA

At the foot of the hill, back of their house, was a large field of poppies. And one day Arabella ran down the hill, and away out into the field of poppies, and Araminta ran down the hill, and away out into the field of poppies.

And Arabella picked a poppy, and Araminta picked a poppy, and Arabella picked a poppy, and Araminta picked a poppy, until they each had a great big bunch (I should say a very large bunch), and then they ran back to the house.

Arabella got a glass and put her poppies in it, and Araminta got a glass and put her poppies in it.

And Arabella clapped her hands and danced around the table. And Araminta clapped her hands and danced around the table.

And Arabella said, "Oh, I'd like a bunch of clover, too!"

And Araminta said, "Oh, I'd like a bunch of clover, too!"

A POPPY STORY

Out at the side of their house, on the side of the hill, red and white clover blossoms were growing thick. And Arabella ran out into the clover, and Araminta ran out into the clover. And Arabella picked a red clover, and Araminta picked a white clover, and Arabella picked a white clover, and Araminta picked a red clover, until they each had a very large bunch—and then they went back to the house.

Arabella got a glass and put her clover blossoms in it, and Araminta got a glass and put her clover blossoms in it.

And Arabella clapped her hands and danced around the table, and Araminta clapped her hands and danced around the table.

And Arabella said, “Oh, I’d like a bunch of daisies, too!”

And Araminta said, “Oh, I’d like a bunch of daisies, too!”

Out on the other side of their house, on the other side of the hill, the daisies were growing

ARABELLA AND ARAMINTA

thick. And Arabella ran out of the house, and out among the daisies, and Araminta ran out of the house and out among the daisies.

And Arabella picked a daisy, and Araminta picked a daisy, and Arabella picked a daisy, and Araminta picked a daisy, until they each had a very large bunch,—and then they ran back to the house.

Arabella got a glass and put her daisies in it, and Araminta got a glass and put her daisies in it.

Arabella clapped her hands and danced around the table, and Araminta clapped her hands and danced around the table.

And Arabella said, “Oh, I’d like a bunch of roses, too!”

And Araminta said, “Oh, I’d like a bunch of roses, too!”

Out in front of their house were a great many rose-bushes covered with beautiful roses. And Arabella ran out into the front

A POPPY STORY

yard, and down among the rose-bushes, and Araminta ran out into the front yard, and down among the rose-bushes.

And Arabella picked a yellow rose, and Araminta picked a white rose.

And Arabella said, "Oh, I have a thorn in my thumb!"

And Araminta said, "Oh, I have a thorn in my thumb!"

And Arabella screamed, and Araminta screamed.

And Arabella ran into the house and upstairs to her mother, and Araminta ran into the house and upstairs to her mother.

And Arabella's mother picked the thorn out of Arabella's thumb, and Araminta's mother picked the thorn out of Araminta's thumb. (It was the same mother, you remember, for Arabella and Araminta were little twin sisters.)

And their mother said to them, "Now,

ARABELLA AND ARAMINTA

dears, take your little scissors and cut the roses, for I can't be picking out thorns all the forenoon." (She always said "all the forenoon.")

Arabella took her little scissors, and Araminta took her little scissors, and ran out into the rose-bushes again.

And Arabella snipped a red rose, and Araminta snipped a white rose, and Arabella snipped a pink rose, and Araminta snipped a yellow rose, until they each had a very large bunch,—and then they ran back to the house.

Arabella got a glass and put her roses in it, and Araminta got a glass and put her roses in it.

Arabella clapped her hands and danced around the table, and Araminta clapped her hands and danced around the table.

A POPPY STORY

And that is the end of "The Poppy Story."



“They sang as they marched, and they said as they marched: Hurrah for the Fourth of July!”

A CELEBRATION STORY

IT was the Fourth of July, the glorious Fourth of July. And Arabella and Araminta were going to have a splendid time. What do you suppose they were going to do? Why, four little girls and four little boys had come to play with them, and they were going to have a Celebration!

Out in the yard at the side of their house they were going to have a Celebration.

All the four little girls were dressed in red, white, and blue; and all the four little boys were dressed in red, white, and blue; and each one carried a flag.

And Arabella and Araminta were dressed in red, white, and blue; and of course they each had a flag like the others.

Oh, but didn't they all look pretty as they ran about in the yard! And Arabella's and Araminta's father called them and said:

ARABELLA AND ARAMINTA

“Now, we will march, dear children.”

So they all marched around and around in the yard, and waved their flags in the air. And they sang as they marched, and they said as they marched, “Hurrah for the Fourth of July!” “Hurrah for the Fourth of July!” They sang as they marched, and they said as they marched, “Hurrah for the Fourth of July!”

Then Arabella's and Araminta's father gave them each one a red-white-and-blue balloon. He took the flags away.

And they marched around the yard, and sailed their balloons in the air. And they sang as they marched, and they said as they marched, “Hurrah for the Fourth of July!”

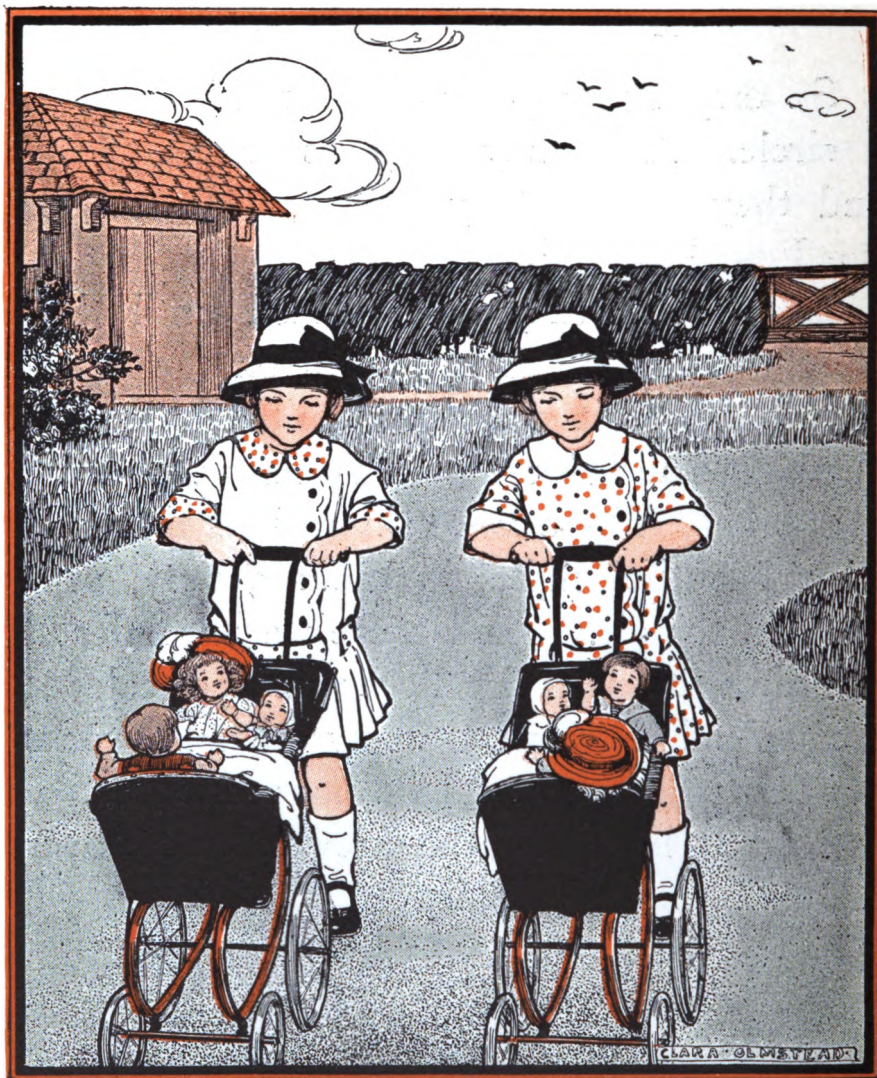
And when it was beginning to get quite dark, Arabella's and Araminta's father said to them: “Come, children, and we will all join hands and dance.”

A CELEBRATION STORY

So they all danced around and around in a circle. And they sang as they danced, and they said as they danced, "Hurrah for the Fourth of July!"

And when they had danced until they were tired, they all sat down on the porch again. And it was now quite dark, and Arabella's and Araminta's father set off some fireworks. There were sky-rockets that shot their beautiful lights in the air, very, very high in the air. And there were wonderful spinning-wheels of fire, little wheels of colored fire. And there were many other fireworks besides, whose names I do not remember.

And at last when the fireworks were over the children went home.



“All around the front yard, and all around the back yard they would take their dolls to ride.”

THE LOST DOLLY STORY

ARABELLA had three dolls, and Araminta had three dolls.

Arabella had a big doll and a little doll and a middle-sized doll, and Araminta had a big doll and a little doll and a middle-sized doll.

Arabella's big doll's name was Cora Bell, and Araminta's big doll's name was Flora Nell.

Arabella's little doll's name was Margaret Millie, and Araminta's little doll's name was Dorothy Tillie.

And Arabella's little doll was a baby doll, and dressed in long, white baby clothes, and Araminta's little doll was a baby doll, and dressed in long, white baby clothes.

And Arabella's middle-sized doll was a boy doll, and what do you suppose his name was? And Araminta's middle-sized doll was a boy doll, and what do you suppose his name was?

ARABELLA AND ARAMINTA

Why, Arabella's boy doll's name was Herbert Fred, and Araminta's boy doll's name was Clarence Ned.

Arabella's father named Arabella's dolls, and Araminta's father named Araminta's dolls. Wasn't he a funny, big father to give those dolls such funny, long names.

Arabella had a doll carriage, and Araminta had a doll carriage.

And Arabella would put her three dolls in her doll carriage, and Araminta would put her three dolls in her doll carriage, and take them for long, beautiful rides. All around the front yard, and all around the back yard, they would take their dolls to ride.

And Arabella looked into her doll carriage and said, "Oh, dear, dear! my baby doll, Margaret Millie, is going to sleep!"

And Araminta looked into her doll carriage and said, "Oh, dear, dear! my boy doll, Clarence Ned, is going to sleep, too!"

THE LOST DOLLY STORY

And Arabella looked into her doll carriage and said, "Oh, dear, dear! my dollies have all gone to sleep!"

And Araminta looked into her doll carriage and said, "Oh, dear, dear! my dollies have all gone to sleep, too!"

And Arabella said, "Let's make a bed in the grass and play our dollies were little birds, and we're the mother birds; that will wake them up, I'm sure."

And Araminta said, "Oh, what fun that will be! Yes, that will wake them up, I'm sure."

So Arabella pulled a big pile of grass, and Araminta pulled a big pile of grass. And Arabella put her three dolls on her pile of grass, and Araminta put her three dolls on her pile of grass, and they played they were little birds.

And Arabella said, "I'm a big mother bird, and I must fly away and get food for

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my little birds." And she spread out her little arms and pretended to fly away.

And Araminta said, "I'm a big mother bird, and I'm going to fly away." And she spread out her little arms and pretended to fly away.

And Arabella kept saying, "Chirp! Chirp!" like a bird. And Araminta kept saying, "Chirp! Chirp!" like a bird. And they flew all around the yard.

Arabella said, "Now I'll fly back to my birdies."

And Araminta said, "Now I'll fly back to my birdies."

But Arabella could n't find her little birds, and Araminta could n't find her little birds! Arabella flew and chirped, and Araminta flew and chirped; but they could n't find their little birds, they could n't find their dollies!

And Arabella sat down on the ground and began to cry; she cried very loud, she

THE LOST DOLLY STORY

screamed and she *yelled*, for she couldn't find her dollies!

And Araminta sat down on the ground and began to cry; she cried very loud, she screamed and she *yelled*, for she couldn't find her dollies!

And their mother came to the window and said, "You *must* stop that screaming, Arabella! What are you screaming for all the forenoon?" (She always said "all the forenoon.")

And Arabella cried, "Oh, I've lost my dollies! I've lost my dollies!"

And Araminta cried, "Oh, I've lost my dollies! I've lost my dollies!"

And their mother came out into the yard and helped them look for their dollies. She looked, and she looked, and she looked all around the front yard and all around the back yard, and at last she found the dollies.

ARABELLA AND ARAMINTA

There, half buried in green grass deep,
She found the dollies, all sound asleep.

Cora Bell,
Flora Nell,
Margaret Millie,
Dorothy Tillie,
Herbert Fred,
Clarence Ned,—

All sound asleep!

ROMPING PLAYS

ONE morning Arabella and Araminta had been playing cars with the chairs in the dining-room.

Arabella had six chairs in a row for her train, and Araminta had six chairs in a row for her train, and they made a great deal of noise!

Arabella had a little bell, and she would ring it just as loud as she could ring it; and Araminta had a little bell, and she would ring it just as loud as she could ring it; and they made a great deal of noise!

Arabella would say, "Chu! Chu! Chu!" and Araminta would say "Chu! Chu! Chu!" Oh, but did n't they make a noise!"

And Arabella had a flag, and sometimes she would wave it and call, "All aboard!" at the top of her little voice.

And Araminta had a little flag, and some-

ARABELLA AND ARAMINTA

times she would wave it and call, "All aboard!" Oh, but didn't they make a terrible noise!

And Arabella had a little horn, and sometimes she would blow it just as loud as she could blow it, and say, "Look out for the cars when the whistle blows!"

And Araminta had a little horn, and sometimes she would blow it just as loud as she could blow it, and say, "Look out for the cars when the whistle blows!"

Oh, didn't they, didn't they, didn't they make a noise!

And their mother came to the door and said, "You really must stop this noise, dears; you really must stop this noise. I can't let you make such a noise in the house all the forenoon." (She always said "all the forenoon.") "You had better run out of doors and play, dears. It's much better for my little daughters to run and play in the sun."



“And Arabella had a little horn, and sometimes she would blow it just as loud as she could blow it, and say; Look out for the cars when the whistle blows!”

ARABELLA AND ARAMINTA

So they put the chairs in their places, and put away all of their toys,—those dear little orderly girls,—and their mother tied on their sun-hats and they ran out of doors to play, ran out into the sunshine to play.

But first they sat on the doorstep to rest for a minute or two. And while they were resting there, two beautiful butterflies flew right by their little faces.

And Arabella jumped up, and away she ran after one butterfly; and Araminta jumped up, and away she ran after the other butterfly.

And they chased them up hill, and they chased them down hill, and they chased them up hill, and they chased them down hill, and they chased them up hill, and they chased them down hill, and away out into the field of poppies. And the butterflies lit on the poppies.

And down went Arabella's hat over one butterfly, and down went Araminta's hat

ROMPING PLAYS

over the other butterfly. And Arabella put her hand very carefully and slowly under her hat and caught her butterfly, and Araminta put her hand very carefully and slowly under her hat and caught her butterfly. And they held them very gently, and went back up the hill to the house.

Just then their mother came to the window and called to them: "I want you to stop running, dears. It is n't good for little girls to run every minute all the forenoon."

And Arabella smiled up at her, and threw her a kiss, and called, "I've caught a beautiful butterfly, mother; but I'm going to let it go. See!" She opened her dear little hand and the butterfly flew away.

And Araminta called, "I've caught a beautiful butterfly, too, mother; but I'm going to let it go. See!" She opened her dear little hand and her butterfly flew away.

And Arabella lay down on the grass to

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rest, under a shady tree, and Araminta lay down to rest under a shady tree. There were two little birds in the tree. They lay very still watching the birds, and the first thing Arabella knew, and *before she knew it*, she was sound asleep. And the first thing Araminta knew, and *before she knew it*, she was sound asleep.

And out under the trees they slept, and slept, and slept, until their father came home to dinner.

And when their father came home he looked, and looked, and looked, till he found them under the tree, and he pulled their dear little noses, and woke them up. He said, "Wake up, Arabella! wake up, Araminta! Father is home, and dinner is on the table."

And Arabella sat up and looked around, so sleepy, and Araminta sat up and looked around, so sleepy.

ROMPING PLAYS

"I don't know where I am," said Arabella.

"I don't know where I am," said Araminta. They had forgotten they went to sleep out of doors, under the tree.

And their father took hold of their hands and led them in to dinner.

Dear Arabella and dear Araminta, they had romped so hard, they had played so hard, that they went to sleep before dinner.

A STORY IN THE WOODS

ONE morning, at the breakfast-table, Arabella's and Araminta's father leaned back in his chair, and said, "I'm not going to my office to-day, I'm going to have a vacation. I believe I'll go to the woods and stay all day, and play like a boy."

And Arabella clapped her hands, and said, "Oh, oh! may I go too? May I go too?"

And Araminta clapped her hands, and said, "Oh! may I go too? May I go too?"

And their mother laughed, and said, "Well, I should n't mind going myself."

And their father said, "Yes, you may all go with me if you will be good."

So after breakfast their mother packed a basket of things to eat, to take to the woods for their luncheon.

There was cold chicken, and there were tarts, and pie, and bread and butter, and



“Oh, it was such fun to wade in the water, to wade in the cool, cool water.”

ARABELLA AND ARAMINTA

jelly, and cakes, and apples, and bananas, and pears, and crackers, and nuts, and candy, and a great many things besides. Their father had said, "People are always hungry when they go to the woods. I remember I was when a boy, and I expect to be to-day."

So Arabella and Araminta went down the road and through the pasture and into the woods,—the great green beautiful woods,—where they were to stay all day with their father and mother.

And they came to a little brook that bubbled and bubbled, and talked to the pebbles and the shining sand in the bottom.

And Arabella and Araminta sat down on the bank of the brook, and what do you think those little rogues did? Why, they pulled off their shoes and stockings and waded right into the brook!

Arabella took hold of Araminta's hand,

A STORY IN THE WOODS

and Araminta took hold of Arabella's hand, and they waded right into the brook!

And their mother and father laughed, and sat on the bank and watched them.

And Arabella picked up bright little stones that the water ran over, and put them in her apron; and so did Araminta.

Oh, it was such fun to wade in the water, to wade in the cool, cool water!

And their father said: "I'd like to wade in the brook, myself. I used to wade when I was a boy."

And their mother said: "I used to wade when I was a little girl. I'd like to wade, myself."

And what do you think? That funny mother and that funny father just pulled off their shoes and stockings and waded right into the brook!

And Arabella laughed and laughed to see her funny big mother and her funny big father wading around in the brook.

ARABELLA AND ARAMINTA

And Araminta laughed and laughed to see her funny big mother and her funny big father wading around in the brook.

And they all took hold of hands,—Arabella and Araminta were in the middle,—and they waded way down the brook,—way, way down the brook, hand in hand.

And all at once their father said: “Hush! hush! listen! look! What a large flock of blackbirds, my dears! Just see, they have come down to drink!”

Yes, all along by the edge of the brook the blackbirds had come down to drink, just dozens and dozens and dozens! The edge of the brook was quite black, there were so many of them.

But Arabella could not keep still, and Araminta could not keep still; they were so astonished and pleased.

“Oh! oh! oh!” cried Arabella, “how many, many little birds!”

A STORY IN THE WOODS

“Oh! oh! oh!” cried Araminta, “how many, many, many little birds!”

And the blackbirds, of course, were afraid, and they flew away with a great noise of their wings. Up, up through the branches of the trees, and away, away, away, until they looked like a big black cloud. Then Arabella and Araminta turned and waded back up the brook, holding each other's hands.

And they all put on their shoes and stockings, and their mother said, “Now we will have our luncheon.”

So they all sat around on the ground and ate their luncheon out of the basket. And oh, but didn't it taste good, that luncheon in the woods! And after they had finished their luncheon what do you suppose they did?

Well, first they picked flowers, a great many flowers, to take home. The woods were full of flowers, all kinds of the loveliest

ARABELLA AND ARAMINTA

flowers! They put the bouquets of flowers in the edge of the brook so they would keep fresh until they went home. And then they were tired, so they all sat down to rest.

And Arabella looked up through the green, green leaves of the trees and saw the blue sky, and she said: "Oh, these are such beautiful woods! I love to come to the woods and stay all day, and play with my father and mother."

And Araminta looked up through the green, green leaves of the trees and saw the blue sky, and she said: "Oh, these are such beautiful woods! I love to come to the woods and stay all day, and play with my father and mother."

And their father said, "Now keep still, my dears, and I'll tell you a little story."

And this was the story:—

A STORY IN THE WOODS

“There were once two little gray squirrels,
dears,
That lived in a hollow tree,
A beautiful tree like this, dears,
That shelters you and me.”

“Oh, oh!” cried Arabella, “I wish I could see those little gray squirrels!”

“Oh, oh!” cried Araminta, “I wish I could see those little gray squirrels!”

And their father looked at their mother and laughed, and said, “Keep still, keep still, so I can go on with my story:—

“And once two sweet little girls, dears,
Came into the woods to stay;
And they saw those gray little squirrels,
dears,
As they ran about at play.”

“Oh, where, where?” cried Arabella, looking around. “Where did we see them?”

ARABELLA AND ARAMINTA

"Oh, where, where?" cried Araminta.
"Where did we see them?"

And their father, that funny father, pointed up in the tree over their heads, and there, sure enough, on the end of a branch, were two little gray squirrels!

And the little squirrels looked at Arabella, and they looked at Araminta, down through the leaves of the trees. Their eyes were bright, as bright as beads, and they had great bushy tails,—great, great big bushy tails.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Arabella, "I see you, you dear little squirrels!"

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Araminta, "I see you, you dear little squirrels!"

And the squirrels hopped along on the branch, and they made a queer little noise. It was talking, their father told them. I suppose it was, don't you?

I think those little squirrels were saying,

A STORY IN THE WOODS

“I’m glad to see you, Arabella; I’m glad to see you, Araminta. I’m glad you came to the beautiful woods to stay all day and play.”

But after a minute or two the squirrels ran away down into the hollow tree, and then what do you think happened?

Their mother said, in a whisper, “Keep still, Arabella, keep still, Araminta, and look over there by the brook on that bush.”

And they looked, and there was a bright red bird, as red as red could be, with only black on the tips of his wings. And he flew right down into the brook, and he splashed the water with his bright wings, and splashed and dipped again!

And Arabella held her hand tight over her mouth to keep from screaming, she was so astonished and pleased; and so did Araminta.

Arabella had never seen a red bird before,

ARABELLA AND ARAMINTA

and Araminta had never seen a red bird before.

And when the red bird had finished his bath, he stood on a stone in the sun; and his red back shone in the sun. And he tipped his head first on one side, and then on the other, and he looked at Arabella and he looked at Araminta. I think he was saying: "I'm glad to see you, Arabella; I'm glad to see you, Araminta. I'm glad you came to the woods to stay all day and play."

And then he flew away, up, up through the leaves of the trees and away.

Then Arabella and Araminta went on a long, long walk with their father and mother, down through the beautiful woods, and they saw many other lovely things. But at last it began to grow dark, and so they went home.

A SLEEPY-TIME STORY

AND one night Arabella's and Araminta's mother was sewing, and their father was reading his newspaper. And there was a fire in the grate, a warm bright fire in the grate.

And Arabella sat on the rug before the fire, and Araminta sat on the rug before the fire.

And Arabella was playing with her little white kitty, and Araminta was playing with her little black kitty.

And Arabella's little white kitty's name was Annabel, and Araminta's little black kitty's name was Lillabel.

Arabella had a little red ball fastened to a long string, and Araminta had a little blue ball fastened to a long string. Arabella would roll her ball, and her little white kitty would run and jump for it. And Araminta would roll her ball, and her little black kitty would run and jump for it.



“Arabella had a little red ball fastened to a long string, and Araminta had a little blue ball fastened to a long string.”

A SLEEPY-TIME STORY

The kittens were so cunning and funny, and they were having such a splendid time!

Sometimes when Arabella's kitty would run very fast, or jump very high, Arabella would laugh until she tumbled right over on the floor.

And sometimes when Araminta's kitty would run very fast, or jump very high, Araminta would laugh until she would tumble right over on the floor.

Oh, they were having a splendid time!

But all at once their mother looked up from her sewing, and said: "Good-night, Arabella. Good-night, Araminta. The clock is on the stroke of eight."

And their father looked up from his paper, and said: "Yes, good-night, Arabella. Good-night, Araminta. The clock is on the stroke of eight."

And Arabella said, "Oh, must we go to bed right now?"

ARABELLA AND ARAMINTA

And Araminta said, "Oh, must we go to bed right now?"

And their father said: "Yes, indeed; yes, indeed. Good-night, Arabella. Good-night, Araminta. The clock is on the stroke of eight."

Always, when it was bedtime, their father and mother would say: "Good-night, Arabella. Good-night, Araminta."

And sometimes they were good, and sometimes they were bad; but they always ran away to bed.

And their dear mother always went with them and tucked them in and kissed them, then came away downstairs and left them. And sometimes they were good, and sometimes they were bad; but they always went to sleep. But to-night their mother said,—

"Run and get your nighties, dears,
And get each a flannel gown,
And we'll sit and rock you here,
Till you go to Sleepytown."

A SLEEPY-TIME STORY

And Arabella ran upstairs and got her nighty and her little flannel gown. And Araminta ran upstairs and got her nighty and her little flannel gown. And their mother undressed Arabella, and their father undressed Araminta.

Arabella's little flannel gown was red, and Araminta's little flannel gown was pink. When they had put them on over their nighties they were just as warm as toast.

Arabella's kitty was playing with Araminta's kitty on the rug before the fire. They were rolling and tumbling and chasing each other, and they looked so cunning and sweet!

And Arabella's mother took Arabella on her lap, and Araminta's father took Araminta on his lap.

Arabella said, "Oh, I want my kitty in my lap, mother!"

ARABELLA AND ARAMINTA

And Araminta said, "Oh, I want my kitty in my lap, father!"

So they jumped down and caught the kitties.

Their mother rocked Arabella, and their father rocked Araminta; and they sang to them,—

‘Now a nice little rock,
And never mind the clock,—
Now a nice little rock,
And never mind the clock!"

And they sang it over, and over, and over:

“Now a nice little rock,
And never mind the clock,—
Now a nice little rock,
And never mind the clock!"

And Arabella cuddled in her mother's arms, and hugged her little kitty close; and Araminta cuddled in her father's arms, and hugged her little kitty close.

A SLEEPY-TIME STORY

And their mother sang, and their father sang,—

“Now she goes to Sleepytown, Sleepytown,
Sleepytown;
Cuddled in her little gown,
Here she goes to Sleepytown.”

And they sang it over, and over, and over:
“Now she goes to Sleepytown, Sleepytown,
Sleepytown;
Cuddled in her little gown,
Here she goes to Sleepytown.”

And very soon Arabella could only just hear her mother singing, and very soon Araminta could only just hear her father singing, “Sleepytown, Sleepytown.” And soon they couldn’t hear them at all. They were sound asleep!

And their mother looked at their father, and said, “Our precious little dears are both sound asleep.”

ARABELLA AND ARAMINTA

And their father said, "Yes, our little pets have both reached Sleepytown."

And Arabella's mother carried her upstairs and put her in her little bed, and Araminta's father carried her upstairs and put her in her little bed. And Arabella was hugging her white kitty up close in her arms, and Araminta was hugging her black kitty up close in her arms. And the kitties were both sound asleep, too.

But Arabella's kitty and Araminta's kitty did not sleep with them all night,—oh, no, indeed! They had a nice little, warm little, soft little bed down in the basement, close by the furnace.

And their father took the kitties out of their arms, and he carried them down to their bed.

And Arabella slept, and slept, and slept. And Araminta slept, and slept, and slept.

A SLEEPY-TIME STORY

And the little kitties, in their soft little bed, slept, and slept, too. All through the long, dark, beautiful night they slept.

And the sun came, and the morning came, and it was another day!

THE HURT DAY

ARABELLA stood on one side of her mother, and Araminta stood on the other side of her mother. Their mother was sitting in a big rocking-chair, and she had a picture-book on her lap. She was showing Arabella the pictures, and she was showing Araminta the pictures. And all at once she rocked on Arabella's toes! And all at once she rocked on Araminta's toes!

And Arabella screamed, and hopped around the room; and Araminta screamed, and hopped around the room. Arabella hopped on one foot, and then on the other; and Araminta hopped on one foot and then on the other. And they cried, and they cried, and they cried.

And their mother laughed, and laughed, because they looked so funny. But she said: "I'm sorry if it hurts you so, my dears.

THE HURT DAY

Run and get the little boxes that always make you forget your little hurts; for I can't hear you cry this way all the forenoon."

And Arabella ran and got a blue box from out a bureau drawer, and Araminta ran and got a red box from out a bureau drawer.

And Arabella said, "Mine says, 'For Arabella when she cries.'"

And Araminta said, "Mine says, 'For Araminta when she cries.'"

And Arabella sat down on the floor, and Araminta sat down on the floor; and they put their boxes on the floor in front of them.

What do you suppose were in those boxes? Come, guess what were in those boxes! You never can guess, I am sure.

And Arabella opened her box, and Araminta opened her box, and took out—what do you guess it was? Well, Arabella took out a little doll all dressed in blue, and Araminta took out a little doll all dressed in red!

ARABELLA AND ARAMINTA

In the side of Arabella's doll, and in the side of Araminta's doll, there was a tiny key. And Arabella turned the key in her doll, and she turned it, and she turned it, and she turned it. And Araminta turned the key in her doll, and she turned it, and she turned it, and she turned it.

Then they stood their dolls on the floor, and what do you think? Arabella's doll began to dance, and Araminta's doll began to dance! And they danced, and they danced, and they danced!

And Arabella laughed until she rolled over on the floor, and Araminta laughed until she rolled over on the floor.

Arabella had forgotten all about her toes, and Araminta had forgotten all about her toes!

And their mother said: "Now put away your dolls, dears; you will break them if you keep them dancing all the forenoon." (She

THE HURT DAY

always said "all the forenoon." Was n't she a funny mother?)

And so Arabella put her doll in its blue box, and Araminta put her doll in its red box, and they put them away in the bureau drawer.

And their mother said: "Now go out of doors and play, dears; I can't have you in the house all the forenoon."

And Arabella put on her little sun-hat, and Araminta put on her little sun-hat, and they ran out of doors. They went down the path to the front gate and out into the road. And their mother had said, "Never go into the road, dears; and don't expect me to watch you from the window."

But naughty, naughty Arabella disobeyed her mother; and naughty, naughty Araminta disobeyed her mother. They went out of the gate and way down the road, and they came to a little brook that ran under a stone wall.

ARABELLA AND ARAMINTA

And there were a great many geese in the brook,—as many as twenty, I'm sure.

And Arabella said: "Sho-o-o, sho-o-o!" to the geese.

And Araminta said: "Sho-o-o, sho-o-o!" to the geese.

And the geese lifted up their heads and squawked at Arabella, and the geese lifted up their heads and squawked at Araminta.

And Arabella said, "Oh, I'm so scared; let's run!"

And Araminta said, "Oh, I'm so scared; let's run!"

And Arabella ran as fast as her little legs could take her, and Araminta ran as fast as her little legs could take her; and all of those twenty geese ran after them!

And Arabella ran, and the geese ran; and Araminta ran, and the geese ran!

And the geese lifted up their heads and squawked at Arabella, and the geese lifted

THE HURT DAY

up their heads and squawked at Araminta!

And Arabella fell down and hurt her knee, and Araminta fell down and hurt her knee. And a big goose caught hold of Arabella's dress, and a big goose caught hold of Araminta's dress; and they pulled, and they pulled, and they pulled! And a boy came by who was a good boy, and drove the geese away.

And Arabella got up, and cried: "Oh, my knee, my knee, how it smarts!"

And Araminta got up, and cried: "Oh, my knee, my knee, how it smarts!"

And Arabella said, "Oh, I'll mind my mother after this!"

And Araminta said, "Oh, I'll mind my mother after this!"

And they did for a long, long time.



“And all day long they played with their presents,—
Yes all day Christmas Day they played with their
presents.”

A CHRISTMAS STORY

IT was winter, and cold, very cold! It made you shiver and shake to step out of doors, just shiver and shake to step out of doors.

And Arabella said, "I'm glad it's winter, and cold, because Christmas will come before long, I'm sure."

And Araminta said, "Yes, Christmas will come before long, I'm sure."

And there were more cold days, and more cold days, and more cold days.

And then there came a day that was a very little warmer, and it began to snow. And it snowed and snowed and snowed. Right out of the sky the little white flakes came chasing each other, faster and faster and faster, till the ground was all covered and white. And still it kept snowing and snowing and snowing! And the snow got deeper and

ARABELLA AND ARAMINTA

deeper and deeper and deeper, till great drifts were piled all around,—the fence was covered, and the rose-bush; and you could n't see the path!

And Arabella stood at the window and watched the little white flakes come chasing each other right out of the sky.

And Araminta stood at the window and watched the little white flakes come chasing each other right out of the sky.

And Arabella clapped her little hands and laughed, and said: "Oh, I'm glad that it's snowing, for now Christmas will come, I'm sure; now Christmas will come, I'm sure!"

And Araminta clapped her little hands and laughed, and said: "Oh, I'm glad that it's snowing, for now Christmas will come, I'm sure; now Christmas will come, I'm sure!"

And every morning, when she awoke, Arabella would say, "Is it Christmas to-day, mother?"

A CHRISTMAS STORY

And every morning, when she awoke, Araminta would say, "Is it Christmas to-day, mother?"

And their mother would say; "Not yet, not yet. You must wait for a few days more."

And Arabella would say: "Will Santa Claus come down our chimney, mother, with a pack like the one in the picture?"

And Araminta would say: "Will Santa Claus come down our chimney, mother, with a pack like the one in the picture?"

And their mother said: "Well, I hope Santa will remember you, dears. He did not pass over this home last year. Oh, yes, I think he'll remember!"

And the days went by, and the days went by, till one day their mother said: "To-night, Arabella, is Christmas Eve,—to-night, Araminta, is Christmas Eve, and to-morrow is Christmas Day."

ARABELLA AND ARAMINTA

And Arabella clapped her hands and danced around the room and cried, "Oh, goody, goody, goody!"

And Araminta clapped her hands and danced around the room and cried, "Oh, goody, goody, goody!"

And Arabella said: "Shall we hang our little stockings up by the fireplace to-night for Santa to fill, father?"

And Araminta said: "Shall we hang our little stockings up by the fireplace to-night for Santa to fill, father?"

And their mother said: "Yes, yes, you may hang them up to-night, dears." And they did.

Arabella hung her two dear little stockings on the right side of the fireplace, and Araminta hung her two dear little stockings on the left side of the fireplace. Close up to the fireplace those four little stockings were hung so Santa could easily find them.

And then Arabella went to bed and slept,

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and slept, and slept. And Araminta went to bed and slept, and slept, and slept.

But while Arabella and Araminta were sleeping, dear Santa was wide awake; and all through the night he was very busily working.

The moon was shining, and all over the ground the snow lay white, and it was cold, very cold. It made you shiver and shake. It was a beautiful night for Santa!

He came in a sleigh of silver and gold, with six white reindeers,—at least so I'm told (I never sat up to see),—with six white reindeers all covered with bells, with dear little bells of silver and gold that tinkle, and tinkle, and tinkle.

Of course it's all true. Don't you doubt, it's all true. How else could he come? He comes every year; how else could he come?

And while Arabella slept, and while Araminta slept, he came in his sleigh of silver and gold, with the six white reindeers, right

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up to their door, and he rapped tap, tap, and he rang the bell; but no one woke up or heard him! It was a beautiful night for Santa!

It was cold and clear, and the moon shone bright. Just the kind of a Christmas to give delight to a jolly old soul like Santa.

And Arabella's and Araminta's papa had put a ladder up by the house to make it easy for Santa. And he ran up the ladder and stood on the roof. And he tiptoed around until he found the chimney, and he laughed as he looked down the chimney, and he said: "The door is locked and all are asleep, so as usual I'll go down the chimney."

And he looked up at the moon, and shook his curls, and said: "Arabella and Araminta are good little girls. I mustn't forget that they are good little girls." Then, pop, he was gone down the chimney!

And there by the fireplace he found Arabella's two little stockings and Araminta's

A CHRISTMAS STORY

two little stockings, and he filled them all full, so full they ran over, and things lay around on the floor. Then up through the chimney he went as quick as a wink, much quicker than you could possibly think. And he ran down the ladder and jumped into his sleigh, and spoke to the reindeers and rode away. It was a beautiful night for Santa!

And Arabella slept and slept, and Araminta slept and slept. And then it was Christmas morning!

And Arabella woke up and said: "Merry Christmas, Araminta! Oh, do you suppose dear Santa did come?"

And Araminta said: "Merry Christmas, Arabella! Oh, do you suppose dear Santa did come?"

And they jumped out of their little beds and put on their little flannel gowns, and ran down stairs as fast as they could go. And there by the fireplace the four little

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stockings were hanging, full—full to the toes and running over!

And Arabella said: “Oh, Santa has been here! Just see, see, see my stocking, Araminta!”

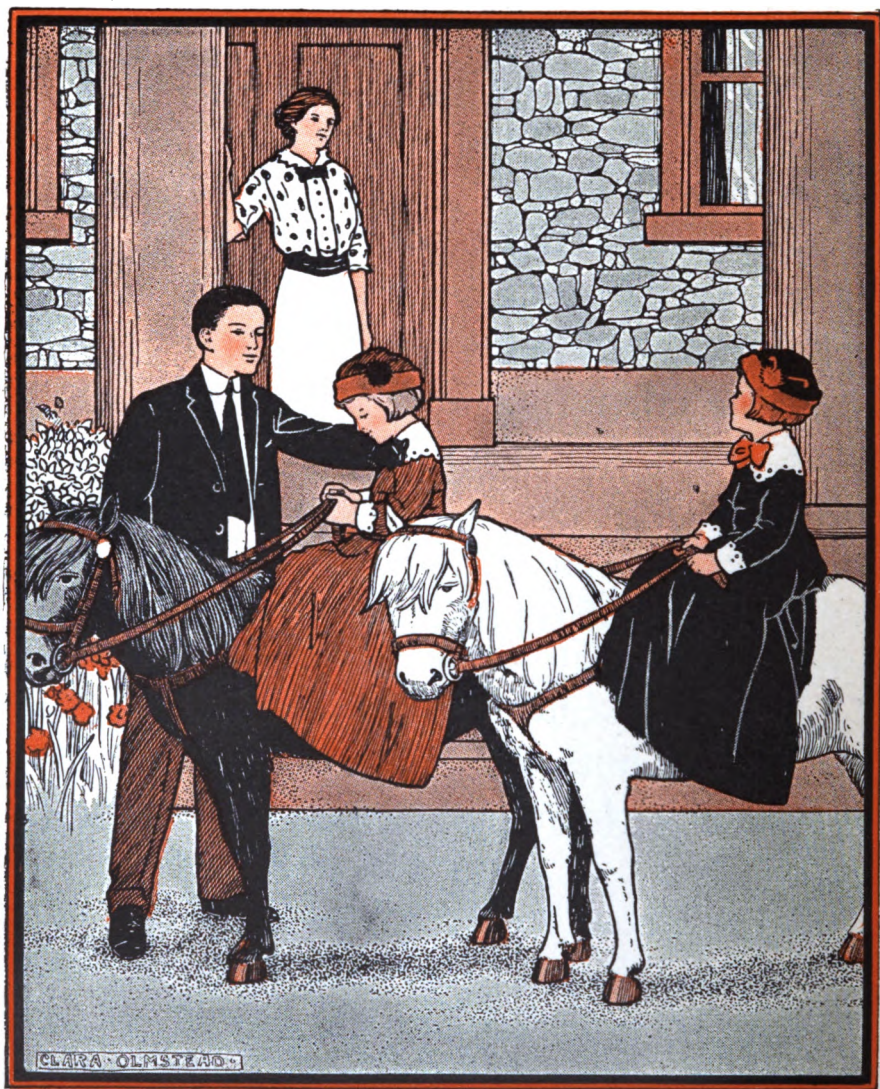
And Araminta said: “Oh, Santa has been here! Just see, see, see my stocking, Arabella!”

And then they looked at their presents. Arabella had a beautiful big new doll, and Araminta had a beautiful big new doll. And Arabella had a little set of dishes, and Araminta had a little set of dishes. And Arabella had a story-book, a beautiful story-book, and Araminta had a story-book, a beautiful story-book. And Arabella had a little white muff and tippet all for herself, and Araminta had a little white muff and tippet all for herself. And Arabella had a rocking-horse,—she was very fond of horses,—and Araminta had a rocking-horse,—she was very

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fond of horses. And Arabella had a big red ball, and Araminta had a big red ball. And Arabella had a box of candy and nuts, and Araminta had a box of candy and nuts. And Arabella had a little silver thimble, and Araminta had a little silver thimble. And they had other things, a great many other things,—I cannot begin to tell you.

And all day long they played with their presents—yes, all day Christmas Day they played with their presents. It was a very merry Christmas.



“And he put Arabella on her black pony, and he put Araminta on her white pony.”

THE GREAT SURPRISE

ONE morning while Arabella and Araminta were dressing, their father came to the foot of the stairs and called to them: "Come, hurry and dress, Arabella—hurry and dress, Araminta! I have a great surprise for you as soon as you have eaten your breakfast."

"Oh, I wonder what it is!" said Arabella.

"Oh, I wonder what it is!" said Araminta. And they hurried fast in dressing, you may very well believe.

Why, Arabella hurried so fast that she put her dress on wrong side out! And Araminta hurried so fast that she put her dress on wrong side out! And oh, but they did look funny! Can you think how funny they looked?

And Arabella kept saying, "Oh, I wonder what the great surprise can be!"

ARABELLA AND ARAMINTA

And Araminta kept saying, "Oh, I wonder what the great surprise can be!"

At last they were dressed, and they ran downstairs, jumping and hopping and laughing.

And their mother held up her hands, and said: "My goodness me, Arabella, you've put your dress on wrong side out! My goodness me, Araminta, you've put your dress on wrong side out!"

And their father laughed, and said: "I'll tell you what to do, Arabella; I'll tell you what to do, Araminta. Make a wish, and then put your dresses on right side out, and perhaps you'll get your wish."

So Arabella put her dress on right side out, and she wished that the great surprise would be to go for a long, long drive. And Araminta wished that grandmother would come on a visit to see them. But it was

THE GREAT SURPRISE

neither of these, and nothing like these, that the great surprise was to be.

Their mother said: "If I'm not mistaken, half an hour from now you will be two of the happiest little girls in the world."

And Arabella clapped her hands and danced around the breakfast-table, and Araminta clapped her hands and danced around the breakfast-table.

And their mother said: "Sit down and eat your breakfast. I can't keep the table standing all the forenoon." (She always said "all the forenoon.")

So Arabella ate her breakfast, and Araminta ate her breakfast, but they kept saying: "What can it be? what can it be? What is the great surprise, father? I can't wait until I finish my breakfast."

It was such a good breakfast, too. They had strawberries and cream, and baked pota-

ARABELLA AND ARAMINTA

toes, and beefsteak, and hot rolls and butter, and other things that are nice.

And their father would nod his head at their mother, and say, "I think they are going to like it, don't you?"

Arabella and Araminta were so excited they couldn't sit still at all.

And after breakfast their mother went out of the room, and when she came back she had two parcels. And she gave one to Arabella, and she gave one to Araminta. And oh, they were so excited!

Arabella cut the string of her parcel, and Araminta cut the string of her parcel; and what do you suppose were in them?

And Arabella said, "Oh, is *this* the great surprise?" She looked a little disappointed.

And Araminta said, "Oh, is *this* the great surprise?" She looked a little disappointed, too.

In the bundles were two little dresses,—

THE GREAT SURPRISE

and they had so many dresses, these fortunate little girls!

But their papa said: "Put them on, my dears, and ask no questions. This is only part of the great surprise."

Arabella's dress was dark red. And when she put it on she cried: "Oh, what a funny dress! How long it is, and how funny!"

And Araminta cried: "Oh, what a funny dress! What a long, funny dress!" Araminta's dress was dark blue.

And their mamma went out of the room, and when she came back, what do you think she had in her hands? Two little caps, two dear little caps. And one was red like Arabella's dress, and one was blue like Araminta's dress.

And Arabella put the red cap on, and Araminta put the blue cap on.

And Arabella opened her brown eyes wide, and gave a cry of delight. And Araminta

ARABELLA AND ARAMINTA

opened her blue eyes wide and gave a cry of delight.

And Arabella said, "Oh, oh, oh, I believe I know what the great surprise is now!"

And Araminta said, "Oh, oh, oh, I believe I know what the great surprise is now!"

But their father said: "Nonsense! I'm sure you don't!"

And their mother went out of the room, and when she came back she had a little red whip in one hand, and a little blue whip in the other. And she gave one to Arabella, and she gave one to Araminta.

And then you should have heard those little girls scream!

You should have seen how they danced and danced around that room!

"Oh, I know, I know, I know what it is!" cried Arabella, as she snapped her whip and capered around.

"Oh, I know, I know, I know what it is!"

THE GREAT SURPRISE

cried Araminta, as she snapped her whip and capered around.

Out on the drive, just then, in front of the house, they heard a tramp, tramp, tramp. What do you suppose it was?

Arabella ran to the door, and Araminta ran to the door; and there—and there on the drive were two dear little ponies, the smallest, prettiest ponies you ever saw!

And one pony was black, as black as ink; and one pony was white, as white as milk.

And on the black pony was a dark red saddle, and on the white pony was a dark blue saddle.

And Arabella cried: “Oh, father, father, are they ours—our very own to keep?”

And Araminta cried: “Oh, father, father, are they ours—our very own to keep?”

And their father said: “Yes, my darling little daughters, these darling little ponies are your very own to keep.”

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And he put Arabella on her black pony, and he put Araminta on her white pony. And, oh, didn't Arabella look pretty in her dark red riding dress on her black pony? And didn't Araminta look pretty on her white pony in her dark blue riding dress?

And then their father led the ponies, and Arabella and Araminta learned to ride. And their mother stood in the door and smiled, and looked very happy.

And they rode, and they rode, and they rode—all around the front yard, and all around the back yard, and down the road a very little way. And their father let go of the bridles, and they rode all alone by themselves! And the ponies were very gentle, as gentle as kittens.

So Arabella and Araminta learned to ride. And after that they rode their ponies almost every day. And this was the great surprise! Wasn't it a great surprise; a splendid, delightful surprise!

THE SUNDAY STORY

AND one day Arabella went to Sunday School, and one day Araminta went to Sunday School. It was Sunday, you know, and summer, you know, and they went to Sunday School.

It was a cool day, and the sun shone bright and the sky was blue, and little white clouds were sailing. And Arabella and Araminta went to Sunday School. They went through a green lane and through a green pasture and through a green wood to Sunday School.

Arabella held Araminta's hand, and Araminta held Arabella's hand, and they went to Sunday School.

As they went down the green lane, the little birds in the trees were singing, and the sun was bright, and the air was cool, and the sky was blue, and little white clouds were sailing.



“And Arabella leaned over and looked into the pool of water, and Araminta leaned over and looked into the pool of water.”

THE SUNDAY STORY

And as they went through the green pasture there were many sheep, and six little lambs running about. And Arabella was not afraid of the sheep and the lambs, and Araminta was not afraid of the sheep and the lambs. And a little lamb ran up to Arabella and said, "Baa! baa!" And a little lamb ran up to Araminta and said, "Baa! baa!" And Arabella patted a little lamb on the head, and Araminta patted a little lamb on the head.

And the old mother sheep said, "Baa! baa!" which meant "Run along to Sunday School, Arabella; run along to Sunday School Araminta, don't stop and play with my babies." And so they went on hand in hand.

And they came to a pool of water in the pasture. And Arabella leaned over and looked into the pool of water, and Araminta leaned over and looked into the pool of water.

And Arabella said, "Oh, I can see my face in the water, Araminta!"

ARABELLA AND ARAMINTA

And Araminta said, "Oh, I can see my face in the water, Arabella!"

And Arabella said, "Oh, I can see you in the water, too, Araminta!"

And Araminta said, "Oh, I can see you in the water, too, Arabella!"

And a little bird came down to the edge of the pool to drink—right down to the edge of the pool to drink. And he would drink and lift up his little head, and then he would drink again and lift up his little head.

And Arabella said, "Oh, I can see the little bird in the water, Araminta!"

And Araminta said, "Oh, I can see the little bird in the water, Arabella!"

And the little bird looked across the pool at Arabella and at Araminta. And he put his little head on one side, and said, "Chee-chee! Chee-chee!" which meant, "Run along to Sunday School, Arabella; run along to

THE SUNDAY STORY

Sunday School, Araminta." And so they went on hand in hand.

And the sun was bright, and the air was cool, and the sky was blue, and little white clouds were sailing.

And then they came into the green wood, and the air was sweet with violets, the ground was blue with violets. All under the trees the violets grew.

And Arabella picked violets until her little hands were full, and Araminta picked violets until her little hands were full, and then they went on to Sunday School. On through the little wood they walked, until they came to the church that stood in the edge of the wood.

It was a little white church with a tall steeple; and the people in the church were singing.

"Oh, we're late!" said Arabella.

ARABELLA AND ARAMINTA

“Oh, we’re late!” said Araminta, “for the people in the church are singing!”

The little birds sang,
And the lambs were white,
The pool was clear,
And the sun was bright;
But the people in the church were singing!

THE ANIMAL-CRACKER STORY

ONE morning at breakfast, Arabella leaned back in her high-chair, and said: "Oh, dear, I'm not hungry! I can't eat any breakfast!"

And Araminta leaned back in her high-chair, and said: "Oh, dear, I'm not hungry! I can't eat any breakfast either!"

And their mother said: "Never mind, I know something you can eat, dears; you need n't think you are going without eating all the forenoon." (She always said "all the forenoon.")

And after breakfast their father drove around to the front gate in the carriage. And Arabella got into the carriage, and Araminta got into the carriage, and their mother got into the carriage; and they all went down to a store. And part of the time Arabella sat with her father on the front seat and held the

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reins, and part of the time Araminta sat on the front seat with her father and held the reins.

And when they came to the store their father jumped out of the carriage and went in, and they all sat and waited.

And when their father came out of the store he had two little brown paper bags, and he gave one to Arabella and one to Araminta. And then he got into the carriage, and they all went on a long, long, beautiful drive.

And Arabella peeped into her little brown paper bag, and Araminta peeped into her little brown paper bag; and what do you suppose they saw? What do you guess were in the bags?

Arabella bounced up and down on the seat, and said, "Oh, goody, goody!"

And Araminta bounced up and down on the seat, and said, "Oh, goody, goody!"

What do you guess were in those bags?

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Why, there were cows, and horses, and pigs, and sheep, and goats, and donkeys, and elephants, and rhinoceroses, and hippopotamuses, and kangaroos, and zebras, and dogs, and cats, and birds in those little paper bags! Of course they were animal crackers! You guessed it, of course you did!

And Arabella said, "Oh, I like animal crackers! I can eat them all. I can eat all of these animals, I know that I can."

And Araminta said, "Oh, I like animal crackers! I can eat them all. I can eat all these animals, I know that I can."

And Arabella ate a cow, and Araminta ate a pig. And Arabella ate an—an elephant, and Araminta ate a—dog. And Arabella ate a—horse, and Araminta ate a—a hippopotamus! And Arabella bit off the leg of a cat, and Araminta bit off the head of a—a—kangaroo! And Arabella ate a sheep, and Araminta ate a—donkey!

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And Arabella ate another hippopotamus, and Araminta ate another—elephant, until at last the little paper bags were empty!

And their mother said: “Well, for little girls that could n’t eat any breakfast, I think you have done very well, dears. I think you will get along now until dinner.”

And their father gave a little jump, and said: “Don’t eat me, Arabella! Don’t eat me, Araminta! If you can eat an elephant, I’m afraid you’ll eat me, too.” (He pretended to be afraid.)

And Arabella opened her little mouth, and said: “I will; I am going to swallow you whole!”

And Araminta opened her little mouth, and said: “I will; I am going to swallow you whole!”

And their father gave a little jump, and said: “What will mother do if you swallow me whole? What will mother do?”

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And Arabella said: "We'll swallow her, too. We'll swallow you both!"

And Araminta said: "We'll swallow her, too. We'll swallow you both!"

And those silly little girls, they ground their little teeth and opened their little mouths and pretended to swallow their father and mother!

And their father squealed a little squeal, and said: "I'm not an animal cracker! Don't eat me, Arabella! Don't eat me, Araminta! I'm not an animal cracker!"

And their mother squealed a little squeal, and said: "I'm not an animal cracker! Don't eat me, Arabella! Don't eat me, Araminta! I'm not an animal cracker!"

You should have heard those little girls laugh. They had a great deal of fun—a great deal of fun; but they did n't eat their father, and they did n't eat there mother. Of course they did n't eat them; they just pretended, you know!

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And they had a long, long, beautiful ride, and then they went home, and dinner was ready. And Arabella was, oh, so hungry! and Araminta was, oh, so hungry! It was strange, after all those animal crackers, how very, very hungry they were.

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

AND the days went by, and the weeks went by, and the months went by, and a year went by, and our dear Arabella was five years old, and our dear Araminta was five years old. Their birthday came on the very same day, because they were twins, you know.

It was a beautiful day in June, a warm, bright, beautiful day in June; and it was their birthday.

And what do you suppose they had? Why, they had a party, a birthday party, out under the trees on the lawn. It was Arabella's party, and it was Araminta's party. And there were five little girls and five little boys invited to come to the party. And they were to have such a beautiful time!

At half-past two the party came, and stayed till half-past five.



“And what do you suppose they had? Why, they had a party, a birthday party, out under the trees on the lawn.”

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

And Arabella wore a white dotted muslin dress, and her little arms and her neck were bare. And she wore a pink sash, and little pink bows on her shoulders. And, oh, she did look so pretty, and sweet, and dear!

And Araminta wore a white dotted muslin dress, and her little arms and neck were bare. And she wore a blue sash, and little blue bows on her shoulders. And, oh, she did look so pretty, and sweet, and dear!

And when it was time for the children to come—for the children to come to the party—Arabella and Araminta stood out by the gate, stood out by the gate, and waited. And up the road the children came—the five little girls and the five little boys—all running and skipping and jumping.

And Arabella clapped her hands, and said: “Oh, the party is coming! Araminta, see, see, the party is coming!”

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And Araminta clapped her hands, and said: "Oh, the party is coming! See, see, the party is coming!"

And Arabella climbed up on the gate, and waved her little handkerchief. "I see you!" she called. "I see you, all of you, coming!"

And Araminta climbed up on the gate, and waved her little handkerchief. "I see you!" she called. "I see you, all of you, coming!"

And up through the gate the children came—the five little girls and the five little boys—all running and skipping and jumping.

There were Jamie and Josie Browne, and Martha and Nelly Little, and dear little Dorothy Flint, and her cousin Margery. Allen, and Henry and Herbert and Freddy De Long, and their little sister Mabel. And this was the party.

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It was a beautiful day in June, you remember, a warm, bright, beautiful day in June. And what fun they had at that party!

They ran about on the lawn, and they played all the games they knew. And Arabella's mother, and Araminta's mother, came out on the lawn and told them some new games to play, and showed them how to play them. She played with them, just as though she were a dear little girl herself. And, oh, they had a beautiful time!

And then came the loveliest part of it all, the dinner—the birthday dinner out under the trees on the lawn. All the five little girls sat on one side of the table, and all the five little boys sat on the other side of the table, and Arabella sat at one end of the table in her high-chair, and Araminta sat at the other end of the table in her high-chair. And then the dinner began.

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And right in the middle of the table were two dear little cakes with candles on them, one little candle on each little cake. And one of the cakes had "Arabella" printed on it in candies, in little pink and white candies. And one of the cakes had "Araminta" printed on it in candies, in little pink and white candies. These were their birthday cakes, you know, their dear little birthday cakes.

But before they came to the cakes they had other things that were good to eat, a great many other things. It was a very, very nice dinner. And up over their heads were the green, green boughs of the trees, and up in the trees the dear little birds were singing and singing and singing.

And the five little boys, and the five little girls, and dear Arabella, and dear Araminta, were eating their dinner, and laughing and talking, and having the best, best time.

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And then such a funny thing happened, such a funny, funny thing happened. What do you suppose it was? Why, it began to rain! But that is n't funny at all, you say, to have it rain on the dinner. But it was n't truly rain, at all, only a shower of flowers, right out of the cherry-tree above them, came falling and falling and falling all over the heads of the children, all over the heads of the party! And the children laughed with delight, and held up their hands and caught them.

“Oh, it 's raining flowers!” they all cried, and held up their hands and caught them.

But Arabella pointed up in the tree and laughed, and said: “Oh, I see my naughty, funny father up in the tree! I know who tumbled the flowers on our heads! I know! I know! I know!”

And Araminta pointed up in the tree, and said: “Oh, I see my naughty, funny father

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up in the tree! I know who tumbled flowers on our heads! I know! I know! I know!”

And all the children laughed and looked up in the tree and pointed.

“We see you up in the tree!” they cried. “We see you up there in the branches! We know who tumbled the flowers on our heads! We know! We know!”

And then their father jumped down from the tree, while all the children stood about and laughed and clapped their hands.

And then the dinner was over, and they played more games; and Arabella’s and Araminta’s father played with them. And they had a splendid time. I am sure they will always remember, they had such a splendid time.

And then it was half-past five, and the party went home—all the five little girls and the five little boys—and the party was over.

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And that night when Arabella went to bed, she stood on tiptoe and looked into the glass, and said: "I'm five years old, I'm not four any more; and I'm certainly, certainly growing."

And Araminta stood on tiptoe beside Arabella, and looked into the glass, and said: "I'm five years old, I'm not four any more; and I'm certainly, certainly growing."

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